2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

From here we saw the fine granite piers of the old Tishót Bridge, the one we always used to cross by. It had stood for thirty years, and then was wrecked one day by a hurricane; wind can be fierce and powerful in these gorges. But the fact that it *had* stood thirty years proved that the chosen site was a good one. There was firm rock (not the crumbly kind of everlasting hill) on both sides at a considerable height above the river, well out of reach of summer floods. The obvious thing would have been to replace the bridge and use again the unharmed granite piers; but some engineer decided otherwise, and we had to stay on the Nagir side and ride on to the new bridge. The cliffs on each side here rise anything from 2,000 to 3,000 feet, and the road round them is a little ledge a few feet wide, some 800 feet above the river-bed. When it is a ledge of firm rock all is well, but, as I have already said, the mountain sides are mainly crumbly masses of stones, boulders, and sand, and there often seems no good reason why the road should not just slide down to join the other debris (and so often it does, especially after rain). Sometimes even where there is a firm rock ledge it isn't wide enough for a laden pony. Then if the inhabitants can find a couple of firm rock spikes below they throw a tree trunk across and build up a loose wall of unmortared stones on that till they get it to road level. If there are no natural spikes, they bore holes in the rock, and drive in a few pegs to take their tree trunks.

This is the method they have to use to revet the faces of their fields and the sides of their aqueducts, which are often carried eight or twelve miles round the face of the most impossible-looking precipices, so they are experts in the art. Accidents happen often enough to the road-makers, but are almost unheard-of amongst road-users. The look of the road might make your hair stand on end, but it is far safer than our murderous motor roads at home.

At last we got off this gallery business and out on to another fan, and we saw the new bridge on our left, quite fairly near, but the cliffs were steep and high and crumbly and there was no direct way of reaching it, so we had to overshoot it by a mile or two before the road turned down. And such a road!

THE LAST LAP

491 133 It was the steepest spiral you can conceive, about 2 feet wide and just one welter of soft dust like flour or french polish. There seemed nothing on earth to keep the path in place except a tiny wall of stones that rested on the dust. Still it did stay. Of course you could not ride it, so we slithered down on foot, over ankles in flour-like dust, and opposite, across the river, we saw the famous hot springs of Murtazábád. They say you can cook a chicken in them or wash your clothes, but clothes or chicken smell ever after of sulphur. We saw only dark red splashes on the face of the cliff. Having got down some hundreds of feet or so of floury slide, we had to ride back to the wretched bridge through tiring sea-sand. The bridge was the usual handsome steel-cable suspension bridge, but only a few feet above the summer water level; I wonder will it last the thirty years of its predecessor? I doubt it. Having crossed it, we set foot on Hunza soil (July 16th). The ascent from the river to Murtazábád was steeper and higher than the spiral we had just come down, but a shade firmer and less dusty, and the zigzag was better graduated; but we rose 1,000 feet as steeply as it was humanly possible, and I again had to take refuge in my pony's mane.

000 The view was magnificent: the tiny bridge, the gorge, and Ráka—looking her very best. We never normally dismount in awkward places (which makes you ride many a time when you would feel happier on foot), for it gives trouble to the men behind, who for courtesy must dismount too and have to take charge of two loose horses. But it was the chance of a lifetime to register this view; you might ride the same stretch a hundred times and never again get the same lighting and the freedom from cloud. So I hopped off and had a shot. DL was too far ahead for me to ask him kindly to read his "wonder-working" exposure meter (one of these glorious electric cell things which we had gratefully bought from the Leverhulme grant); so I blazed away by guesswork, and remembering that the amateur always tends to under-expose, I gave it a 25th at F8. It should have been about a 200th! The result is not too bad, but the negative is as black as ink and it takes hours to print, and is, of course, not nearly so delicate in tone as

enquired after all the Royal Family and exchanged the usual compliments. Then I remarked hopefully: "Aliábád is quite near now, only four miles isn't it?" "Oh yes, only four miles." I noticed David quietly smiling. We rode about ten yards when I saw (what he remembered but I had quite forgotten) that the great torrent from the Hasanábád glacier cuts in here to join the Hunza River, and we had to go down some 500 or 600 feet to cross it and then up again to get out on to the Aliábád fan. It was exactly the same sort of business as crossing the main river all over again, except that the Hunza roads, however steep and difficult, are better designed and better kept than Nagir ones. Hasanábád village lies on both banks of the torrent, and climbs up the farther side to its own excellent polo-ground. The fields were being reaped, and I marvelled at the neat, tidy rows in which the cut barley was laid out. Everything the Hunzukuts do is beautifully done, and their methods are in the greatest contrast to the slovenliness of Nagir; you notice this everywhere, down to the tinest detail; it may be merely because water is scarcer and life harder that their fields are more scrupulously level, their walls more ingeniously perfect, their cut swathes more exactly aligned, but I incline to think that the cause lies deeper; in the difference of race and temperament already suggested.

Just beyond the wooden bridge which took us over the torrent, we were met by a good-looking elderly man whom we both remembered but could not immediately identify. He was almost in tears as he greeted us. I was puzzled to think why he was so moved. As soon, however, as he had paid full tribute of politeness to us, he bolted on and flung himself on Qudrat Ullah's neck. The whole cavalcade, about forty of us by this time, burst into sympathetic laughter, and poor Qudrat Ullah looked radiant but sheepish as he returned his father's embraces. Going up the steep hillside with so large a following was, as usual, not at all funny. You dare not stop to let your pony breathe without holding up the rest whose horses would be at some most inconvenient turn.

We got up at last, however, and found a fine deputation of all the Hasanábád elders drawn up to greet us on the polo-ground

Chapter 15

ILLNESS CALLS A HALT

WHEN after three days we had got the house habitable, cupboards and bookshelves ordered, lamps burning, water and food routine running smoothly, and the first friendly contacts with our neighbours established, we asked leave to pay our first call on the Mir, the king of the country and our host.

Two horses were found for us—it was a welcome let-off that the nature of the country made it useless to keep our own horses—and we started early, while it was still cool, on the four-mile ride to Báltít, his capital. The Great North Road from Kashmir to Central Asia is here some four to five feet wide; the only rideable road in the country. For the first couple of miles it runs fairly level between high field walls, just dipping 50 feet now and again to cross a stony gully, down which pour at times irresistible floods of mud and boulders; then it staggers almost perpendicularly up some hundreds of feet till it reaches the level of the Dála and runs along with the water channel (which is perhaps 4 feet wide and 2 feet deep) on its left and a steep drop on the right into the first fields below. High above us towered staircases of narrow fields and behind them great serrated snow peaks, the most interesting of which culminates in a 2,000-foot needle of sheer granite too steep ever to hold the snow.

This is Princess Búbuli's Peak, and the story goes that when the hero Kiser (the Gesar of Tibetan myth[1] and an

[1] For original Tibetan versions of his story, see Madame Alexandra David-Neel, *Gesar of Ling*; for the Burushaski version, see D. L. R. L., in *Folklore*, XLII, June 2, 1931.

ILLNESS CALLS A HALT

incarnate deity) conquered Hai Hai Yúl (= Hunza) he took to wife the Princess Búhuli. He had not been long in the country till he saw in a dream Tibet invaded and his earlier queen carried into captivity, so he determined to return and deal with his enemies. Even in the Tibetan versions of the Gesar Saga it is difficult to avoid thinking him an ugly type of hero, a still more unpleasant manifestation of the divine, and the absolute limit in undesirable husbands. Princess Búbuli asked when she might look for his return: "I'll go to-morrow and return yesterday"; he said, "when donkeys grow horns, when millstones grow beards, when the river flows uphill, I shall come back." Lest she should get into trouble during this brief grass-widowhood he seated her on this granite spike with a 200-lb. bag of millet-seed and a cock: "Give him one grain a year, and when the grain is done, I shall return." And there the luckless princess sits, and you can hear her wailing in the winter storm.

The road commands a fine view of the junction of the Nagir with the Hunza River, and the rugged, savage valley which leads to the Nagir capital, tucked away out of sight amongst its sunless mountains near the great Hispar glacier. On our Hunza side the ground falls steeply with fertile bays of terraced fields and groves of apricots, all still in late July laden with their golden fruit. The road winds round various bluffs, following of course the contours of the mountain-side, and you can see several villages below, including Ganesh, clustered on the very edge of the river cliffs. High above the field-terraces on our left we presently espied the white front of the fortress-palace that has looked down over the fields of Hunza for at least six hundred years—surely the most dominating seat of kings in the wide world. It is built on the cliff edge of a projecting promontory that falls perpendicularly—but from the road invisibly—behind it; and behind that again lies the mighty ravine of the Ulter Ber, up which, far out of sight, is the almost inaccessible glacier that supplies all the waters of Hunza, from Áltít (two miles beyond and some hundreds of feet below Báltít) to Aliábád, feeding five or six different aqueducts, including, of course, the Dála.

000 2. To pull off, cut off. — *mumuʷpoł ɡaʐaɫ* mo• cut off, pluck off, her nose for her. 182.5,7. Cp. 176.18 where *čoruk* is given as an alternative and *ɡaʐaɫ* is written with *ʒ-*.

3. With **-tsi* to intrigue against; seek excuse to find one at fault, persecute. — *i•tsi ɡaʐaɫ ɛtam* I intrigued against him. *thams atsi ɡaʐaɫ ɛčai.s* the Mir is seeking excuse to find me at fault.

ɡaʐeri N. *-mots* x horse-cloth, "jhul". (Cp. Sh. *ɡaʐeri*, Kho. *ɡaʐarī*).

ɡaʐeti, ɡaʐati N. *-mots* x Cp. *ɡaǯaʃo*, match (lucifer). — *ɡaʐeti kaʦ* (= *khāā́?*) *ɛtas* to strike a match. *ɡaʐati dabi* match-box.

(The *ɡ* is marked as peculiar. Cp. Sh. *kaʦ'aʐi*, GB *kaʦaʐi*).

ɡaʞaʦi, ɡakaʦi -mots, -ło h stutterer, stammerer. — *ɡakaʦiło, ɡakaʦimotsik ba•s* they are (a lot of) stammerers. *ɡak'aʦi ka•po* term of contempt for a stutterer (explained as "a kind of bird that stutters", which seems an unfair description of the cuckoo — *ka•po* — whatever its vocal demerits). (Cp. Sh. *kaka•ćo*, Kho. *ka•kaʦi*).

• 491 1. *ɡaʞ -ɛŋ, -joŋ(?)* y "rope-bridge", suspension bridge (made of cables of twisted birch twigs, of which the ends are anchored on each side of the river under heaps of stones). Punj. (Kaŋgṛa) *jhula*.

In the following *ɡaʞjon* (i.e. *ɡaʞjoŋ?*) must be a plural form of this word. *ćomaʦi ɡ'aʞjon ɡ'ićumaʞn* they will construct iron bridges. 188.5. (Cp. Sh. *ɡaʞ*, country bridge).

000 2. *ɡaʞ -joŋ, -jɔŋ* y juniper tree. 214.2.ff. — *ɡaʞ dir* v. sv. *dir*. 266.8.

158 a

with the Rani and his brother and, after the usual sumptuous breakfast, Sultan Ali joined us and the three of us—Jahangir, Sultan Ali and I—took off to Altit. As we left the Mir said, "I'll be waiting here for you and you'll ride the yaks right into the palace yard."

"You'll find the yaks very easy and comfortable to ride," continued the Mir. "What's more—you won't notice the ascents and descents!"

"You're kidding!" I rejoined.

"No, I'm not," he said. "It's true . . . just wait and you'll see!"

It was approximately a 2 mile jaunt to Altit and the terrain was very much like the terrain we had encountered all the way up from Gilgit—washouts, rock slides, boulders strewn all over the place. This all made walking difficult, at least for me.

Now I don't want you to get the idea that when these landslides or rock slides occur they are just left where they fall, because that is the furthest thing from the truth. Immediately after these things happen, crews are put on to get things straightened away. But when you take into consideration that each speck of work is done manually and that they do not have even a wheelbarrow, you can then understand that the job is a difficult one and one that is back-breaking and requires much time.

The only implements I saw them use on the roads were a sort of pinch-bar or wedge and a sledge hammer. You see, they don't have dynamite and when a huge boulder lands smack in the middle or at the side of the road and can't be pushed off, the only other course to follow is to break it into small pieces. Those are the ways and means here of getting rid of huge boulders.

Let it also be clearly understood that the Hunza

workers are good workers. They are not to be compared with the ordinary workers found throughout Pakistan and India. They do a day's work somewhat comparable to that done in the West. They are neither slouchers nor slackers. 461

All along the route there were groups of men working here and there. At this time of the year there were not too many employed or working on the roads and this is understandable. Every man in Hunza and Nagir must provide for the winter. Remember, there is, broadly speaking, no money and the only means he has of providing is by the work done with his own two hands. 464 491

The dried apricots and other fruits that he may put away, the wheat or the barley or the buckwheat that he stores in his house, the few roots that he puts into his root cellar are his means of sustenance until next spring. So you can readily understand that there is no great surplus of Hunzans or Nagiriwals during the months of July and August to do work on the roads and I know that the Hunza Road is not maintained by the State of Pakistan. Therefore there would be little or no money forthcoming and those who did work would probably be donating their time. Or perhaps their work would be somewhat similar to a type of taxation, although I dislike using that word when referring to or talking about the people of Hunza! [251]

We were more than a sauntering hour reaching Altit. If you've got any ideas about easy walking in this land, you'd better forget them. 487

As is usual on the entire Hunza trail, with few exceptions, it was climbing or descending all the time. The few places where you were neither climbing nor going down, you were walking along the river bed. In midsummer when the glaciers are melting quickly you

492 riding, I need more than that. Here I didn't have any reins but I could put my hands on the horn of the saddle. This was a case where I had the horn to hold onto and didn't need it. With those scrawny, skinny horses I could have used that appendage but I didn't have it.

This is also an excellent time to emphasize that a yak, whatever his sterling qualities, is by no means ever a speed demon . . . and that is for certain. He is built for comfort and security and my, oh, my, how important that is in the Karakorum or Himalayan terrain. The usual expected speed of a yak is approximately 9 miles per day which is somewhere around 1 mile per hour. However, I did not complain of the time that it took us to get from Altit to Baltit. I was having the time of my life and for once I wasn't the least bit afraid of falling off.

491 The road from Altit to Baltit actually is quite hilly —precipitous and steep in some places. But true to the Mir's prediction, I felt neither ascent nor descent because of the flexibility of the yak's legs.

Here I was 8,000 or 9,000 feet up in the firmament windingly wending my way around ledges and narrow trails while resting comfortably on the back of a yak. For the first time since leaving Gilgit I felt no fear or worry while riding. The beast on which I was sitting gave me a feeling of confidence.

The top of the final climb took us to the narrow opening of the valley. Here, if you turned right, the road led to the polo field and old Baltit Fort; if you turned left, to the Mir's courtyard.

115 I noticed what I thought to be a particularly unusual figure coming from the opposite direction, heading towards the pathway that led to the Mir's courtyard. He was in the company of another individual

681 which people were exiled and as officers were continually asking me what sort of place it was, I determined to go there and see for myself. The track there
491 was very bad indeed and in two places there were goat hair bridges which were very unpleasant to cross. A ring of wood was used and the traveler was drawn from one bank to the other and if he wore a beard most of the hairs were dragged out on the way. . . .

643 "My father[1] had six wives, three of which were of the
595 ruling classes and three from the Zemindaris. All however, were married to him according to the law and so he left behind no bastards."

276 The Mir told me that of late some of the young boys
177 have taken to smoking cigarettes. This they have picked up and learned from the Hunzan men who have been serving in the Pakistani army. Cigarettes can be pur-
685 chased in the shop in Baltit and a few occasions of
276 petty theft have been encountered. In each case it
[443] seems that they stole in order to get money to buy
[681] cigarettes. These few petty crimes of course did not involve ostracism to Shimshal. It is expected that this condition will continue or even become aggravated as the youth of Hunza become more familiar and acquainted with smoking. Some of the men in Hunza smoke the "hookah" which we know as the water-pipe.

249 Some forms and varieties of tobacco have been tried
123 in Hunza. I promised to send the Mir seeds of the various types of tobacco that we grow in America, such as Virginia, Burley and Quesnel. Perhaps if they can learn to grow tobacco, it will enable the youth to get their hands on some tobacco and satisfy their craving for it without resorting to other ways and means. However, they would have to get paper from somewhere for none is made or improvised in Hunza.

674 It is obvious from what I have seen, that crime and

[1] [ie - the father of Sir Mohomed Nazim Khan - ANALYST]

133 length. Over this the horses clattered judiciously, placing one foot down firmly somewhere before they lifted another. 'Twas the only way they could maneuver through this pebble and rock dashed remains of a slide. Masses of mountains dimmed in the distance.

Now and then a nullah would leap into view and had to be crossed or forded. Yes, many of them, the more or less permanent ones, were covered by bridges . . . some sound, durable and strong and others, more or less makeshift, which one had to cross with prudence and yet alacrity.

133 Whenever a rafik hove into view, I unconsciously would suck in my breath quickly and steel myself for the mental ordeal to come. There I knew the trail was held up or was maintained by a few slabs of rock pressed into fissures on the rock surface of the cliff or even a built up wall of stones, laid carefully one on top of another without being cemented in any way. At other times there were rods of steel driven into the rock surface and upon this the boards or road was laid. How these supports held, heaven only knows and there they were, jutting out over emptiness or nothingness. Did they fall away? Was there any danger? Well, you can answer that question for yourself. If you were going to travel along the trail to Hunza, they had to be crossed and the fact that they were continually being erected was ample proof that they were continually falling away.

133 In many places the road ribbons to a narrow ledge along a precarious outcropping of rock . . . courses that have been cut and built into the very face of the sheer and protruding cliffs, and many from a few hundred to many thousands of feet above the valley floor and often more than 15,000 feet above sea level. Landslides, washouts, rains of gigantic boulders, disintegra-

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

spoken. The good professor espouses the theory that the Burushaski language is genealogically related to the language of the Basques, spoken only by a handful of these people who live in the Pyrenees in southern France and northern Spain. Therefore, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any stranger or outsider to have a good working knowledge of the language. 197

When you are given the name of a place or a thing and wish to write it down, you have to do it entirely by means of phonics. For example, I wanted to know the name given to a part of the flour mill and after much actual jawing, I wrote down the word "yine." Later, in checking with another Hunzan who articulated in deliberate, clearcut fashion for me, I got the word "yang." Now repeat those two words over yourself and see just how much similarity there really is between them. 126 192

I sought the name of the word given to the galleries —that is, the wooden galleries or it could be the stone galleries that were built up along the ledges when the road fell away. One of the writers had given the name for these places as "rafiks," which I followed. But I also had come across the word "paharis" when I was in Hunza and they didn't seem to use or have heard the word "rafik." 126 192 491

Then upon investigation, I find that the words "rafik" and "paharis" are not the actual words used to describe this bit of fancy roadwork. The meaning of "rafik" is actually Arabic for a companion or comrade and the meaning of "paharis" is Urdu for "people who live in mountainous regions." From usage so far and the best of searching, it appears that "rafik" is the term used to describe the built up stone galleries that shore up a "fallen away" gap of road. "Paharis" is the term for the wooden platforms that are erected over

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

126 "nothing" where the ledge once led . . . a few well
192 appointed steel rods forced into fissures being the total
491 support. As yet I have failed to discover or learn the proper word describing these galleries.

114 I must admit that many or most of the errors or misconceptions concerning Hunza are due to the fact that insufficient time was spent by some of the writers who visited Hunza.

At first it was my wish to pass by this chapter on misconceptions because I did not feel that I should be involved in a hassle with other writers. But then I asked myself if I had any doubts as to whether or not I was right. And this made me feel that I definitely wanted to write the chapter on misconceptions.

It is not my intent or desire to be contradictory nor arbitrary. I am not seeking to pick a quarrel with anyone. But the facts and statements herein related are based on my seeing, hearing, research, questioning and investigating.

I have tried to make my book as accurate as humanly possible. And if and when errors are found, I trust they will be brought quite forcibly to my attention. I would like to believe that if I can dish it out, I can take it, too!

134 *Fertile valleys*—Some writers have referred to various valleys in Hunza as fertile valleys. By the standards to which we are accustomed, there is not one single fertile valley in all of Hunza. That the soil is productive and the valley green and beautiful, no one will deny. But at best the soil in Hunza is shallow and to be productive, it must be maintained assiduously. I repeat, in Hunza there are no such things as naturally fertile valleys as compared, for example, to parts of the Willamette Valley in Oregon.

131 *Hunza is scarcely* 60 *miles long,* says one writer. An-
133 other says it is 80 miles long and elsewhere I saw it

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

CHAPTER V

VISIT TO HUNZA NAGAR

609. At Chalt I dismissed the Nagar men who had come to Gilgit to act as hostages during my absence, and sent them away well pleased. The Nagar people seemed to be really keen on my visiting their country, and the Hunza representative with me explained the rather doubtful tone of his master's letters by the fact that the Thum was suffering severely from fever. In addition to this, which might delay our interviews, the chief feared that the height of the river, which was in full flood, might make our journey difficult and dangerous. In the whole course of the river only two bridges existed, both of them twig rope suspension bridges, one at Chalt, the other exactly opposite Hunza, and there was no other means of crossing the river when in flood. There had been latterly some ill-feeling between the Hunza-Nagar Chiefs, and the upper bridge had not been repaired, neither side caring to take the trouble when it might become necessary to cut the bridge at a moment's notice. However, I heard that the relations were no longer strained, and that the bridge was now being renewed by the Nagar

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

people, who had practically the monopoly of the necessary birch. Our crossing into Hunza was therefore assured, and I received civil enough letters from the Thum repeating his invitations. His epistolary style was always quaint and high-flown, and on this occasion, when welcoming me, he compared my party to "camels without nose-ropes uncontrolled," meaning by this that we were free to wander at our pleasure in all directions. In a former letter he had, with reference to the difficulty of supplying our party, compared us to elephants. On a later occasion he incidentally remarked that he proposed to send my head on a charger as a present to the Government of India: but there was a good deal to come before that.

Crossing a mile above Chalt the rope bridge over the Hunza river, which seemed the longest and steepest we had yet crossed, though that over the Gilgit river had a span of three hundred and sixty feet, we found ourselves in Nagar territory, the first Europeans who had ever penetrated its mysterious wilds. The bridge was a new one, fortunately for us, for they are very unsafe when old, and should be renewed annually. This involves a good deal of labour, as nine cables of twisted birch twigs of the necessary length, in this case some four hundred and fifty feet, have to be prepared. The people therefore often put off the work and chance the bridge lasting, and I have seen bridges three and four years old in use. This is horribly dangerous; the birch twigs dry and perish, and the ropes break suddenly. As a rule they do not go all together, and I have seen a bridge in use con-

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burushe AV 7

491 sisting only of the foot rope and one side rope, and have crossed them when the connecting ropes were broken and useless, but I never did so willingly, for we had a terrible lesson. A native officer and half a dozen men had been sent on from Gilgit ahead of us to try the bridges, and to arrange for necessary repairs. Coming to one bridge they tried it carefully, going over one at a time, and examining the anchorage and ropes. Thinking all was sound they foolishly returned in a body, crossing, of course, one behind the other. As the leading man got well up the slope towards the timber anchorage, followed by five others, the ropes drew or broke, and the whole party were dashed into the water. Two men, entangled in the ropes, were washed ashore on the bank they had started from, for the anchorages on the far side fortunately held, and the ropes swung across the stream and ashore, but the other unfortunates, caught in the awful torrent, were swept away and instantly drowned. Only one body was recovered, and that forty miles down stream.

487 The road shortly after crossing the river rose twelve hundred feet to cross the end of a spur from Rakapushi, and, descending again, ran generally at a level of six or eight hundred feet above the river — which one could hear roaring through its deep-cut bed below — across uncultivated wastes, and in and out of numerous deep ravines till the cultiva-
644 tion of Nilt was reached. Here Uzr Khan, the eldest living son, and the heir-apparent of the ruling chief, Jafr Khan, met us. He was rather a fine-looking fellow, with a pleasant enough face

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Ourusho AV7

I had to leave Nagar long before I had exhausted 491
the objects of interest, and many places had perforce 133
to be left unvisited. The morning we left we plunged down below the fort for several hundred feet to the rope bridge which spans the gorge of the Nagar stream. It was a nasty bridge, with very steep slopes, and I thought one of the servants had gone, for he stumbled badly; but he recovered himself, and merely dropped a bundle he was for some reason carrying, which went floating down amongst masses of ice which, broken from the glacier above, were dancing down the furious stream. There was a stiff climb up a couple of thousand feet to the crest of the ridge between the two streams, and an equally steep descent down to the Hunza river. The approach to the bridge, which springs from two great masses of rock on each side of the river, is villainous, over smooth rock and by pathways a few inches wide, kept bad for safety's sake. We were met by various 644
deputations—one shortly after entering Hunza territory, a second at the bridge, a third on the Hunza bank, and I found it was arranged that we should camp directly we got to the top of the cliff above the river, and that we should make our state entry next day. Accustomed to these ceremonious delays from my experience of Chitral, I agreed.

Next morning we started at about half-past seven in uniform, and rode up through the terraced cultivation to the polo ground. Here we were requested to halt, while our salute was being fired by the Wazir in person, he being the only man who could be trusted to fire the gun. It was a gun with a history, which had been cast by a refugee from Wakhan, all the brass household implements in the country having

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burushe AV7

000 with Safdar Ali, whose cruelty was unrelieved by any redeeming feature. When the end came, three years later, and he fled like the coward he was without striking a blow, the feelings of the people towards him were well shown; there was a general sigh of relief throughout the country. Daulat Shah may have missed him, for when I next visited Hunza I heard, with some pardonable satisfaction, that amongst the men carrying stones to build a block house, my orderlies had recognised our old friend.

487 The last marches out of Hunza were very severe, the road even for the Hindu-Kush was bad; it was perpetually crossing parris with frightful drops or very steep slopes into the river, and it was so narrow that the coolies carrying loads were in constant danger. Fortunately for us the cloudy weather continued, and on the last day we had some rain. The views in consequence were exquisite. All the colouring of the hills, the pale reds and browns and soft shades of green, which are merged by glaring sunlight into one uniform grey, now showed out. The view up the Chaprot valley was particularly fine, heavy clouds lay in a great bar across the mountains, dropping transparent veils of falling rain, through which range after range showed out with delicately softened outline. It was a delightful march, none the less so from my feeling that I had brought my party out of the country safely, and had been able to avoid any 361 serious trouble. We left Hunza territory at the 441 village of Budlas, crossing a heavy torrent by a new bridge, built on the site of the one where the 000 sad accident referred to above had taken place. I